AN OLD LETTER.

To-day I found a letter dim with age,
Yet breathing hope and trust in every line,
And bearing on its blurred and yellow page
A token of thy faith, O friend of mine!
Strong in its deathless love each tender word
Stirred my heart-depths with a mysterious spell,
Vague as the first sweet notes of spring-time, heard
In some secluded dell.

And then I walked in dreams, O friend of mine,
Across the grave of long-forgotten years—
Once more my longing eyes looked into thine,
Dimmed with the mist of sad, regretful tears;
Then swift from happy summer fields were blown
The mystic songs that love and sorrow knew,
The while thy soft warm fingers clasped my own
In welcome fond and true.

I saw the crimson light of morning shine
Across the valley and the lonesome plain,
As thus at last we stood, O friend of mine.
Then suddenly the world grew dark again;
For old mad dreams by fevered longings wrought
Swept their strange shadows o'er the dawning day,
And the white meadowlands of peace I sought
Faded in gloom away.

A mournful thought, yet sweet, O friend of mine,
That in a land beyond the ocean-wave
The same blue skies that bend above me shine
Upon thy lonely grave!
—Adelaide D. Rollston, in Collier's Weekly.

From Clue to Climax.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

It was perfectly evident, said Hendricks. I could see indications of its having been regummed and resealed. It is almost impossible to put paste on an envelope as smoothly by hand as it is done by a machine."

"So you thought—" began Whidby.

"That when the individual who had written my mother under the name of Frederick Champney had received the letter coming on the heels of my telegram, his first impulse was to return it unopened, being afraid the reception of it would tend to show his whereabouts. But, being curious to know what I had to say, he first opened it, read it, and then sealed and returned it. Not a bad idea, eh?"

Whidby nodded. "It failed, however, to take you in."

"And, moreover, it put me on to a substantial clew. See, here are the two envelopes side by side—the one addressed to my mother and the other to Mr. Strong. Now for points of resemblance. The handwriting, though disguised, is the same; the ink under a glass shows the same crystal formations; the two letters were sent from the same postal station in New York; and, though the color and quality of each envelope are different, yet under the flaps, in raised letters, are the names of the same retail dealers in New York. See—Ramage & Co., Stationers, East Fourteenth street. The two envelopes were purchased at the same shop."

"But," said Whidby, "doesn't it strike you that it is rather an unnatural thing for a man guilty of murder to do—to openly write to the mother of a detective to get his address?"

"People guilty of crime will do the most foolish things in the world," Hendricks answered; "but I have to resort to my own vanity to account for his having done as he did. I flatter myself that he knew something of my skill in in detecting crime, and once he found himself guilty he regarded me as the man he had the most to fear. He discovered, as his note to my mother shows, that I was out of town. That made him uneasy. The thought troubled him so much that he simply had to satisfy his mind on that point. He supposed his little game with my mother would succeed, and that she would think no more about it after replying to his note."

"Ah, yes," exclaimed Miss Delmar, "and when he got your letter and telegram it must have frightened him to find himself in direct correspondence with the man, of all others, he was most anxious to avoid."

"Exactly," the detective agreed; "and I shall lose nothing by what he has done, for his letter shows me where to look for him. He is in New York, and has been there ever since he committed the murder and scattered those notes about town. They were designed to make us think the murderer lived here."

"But," said Miss Delmar, "surely you have overlooked the fact that Mr. Roundtree has received a warning since then, and that Mrs. Walters has been shot at by the man himself?"

Hendricks looked a little embarrassed.

"I can't explain that now," he said; "but I know whereof I speak. He is in New York. I am going there to-night, and shall do my best to lift the cloud from over your two heads. If I fail, it won't be my fault. I shall not leave a stone unturned."

"Whether you succeed or not, we shall never forget you for all you have done and are trying to do," said Miss Delmar. "I really don't know what we shall do. My father is threatening to disinherit and disown me, and if half the world continues to believe Mr. Whidby guilty we shall be miserable enough."

"You are, indeed, in a disagreeable situation," said Hendricks, in a kindly tone. "No one knows better than I. To be frank—though the bare fact may pain you a little—I must tell you now that it has only been on my earnest assurance that I had hopes of producing the real criminal that I have kept Welsh and his gang from arresting you, Mr. Whidby."

There was silence for a moment. Miss Delmar changed countenance, though she strove hard to keep her self-possession.

"Father mentioned something about the probability of an immediate arrest," she said, in a wavering tone. "But I thought he did it out of spite."

"No; I presume he must have got it from something the police have set afloat," Hendricks replied, "and I think you ought to know what to expect. But even if they should arrest you, Mr. Whidby, try to put a brave face on the matter, and hope for a clear acquittal at a trial in court. I shall hurry up matters in New York, I promise you. Dr. Lampkin has agreed to join me, and together we are going to track the reptile."

"Do you expect to find anything about the man at that Brooklyn address?" asked Whidby, gloomily.

"Perhaps so; but it may only be a private letter box place, and those people are very hard to get anything out of. As a rule, their business is a little off color, you know, and they dread exposure. The return of my letter shows that the murderer is on his guard, and he may steer clear of that address."

CHAPTER XVI.

In the afternoon two days later, Hendricks called at the office of Dr. Lampkin in New York. He was shown into an anteroom where half a dozen patients sat in a row against the wall, each awaiting his turn. Hendricks sat down at the end of the row, crossed his legs and soon became deeply absorbed in thought.

Presently he heard a cough, and, looking up, saw the doctor beckoning to him from the office door. Hendricks rose and went in.

Dr. Lampkin was laughing heartily.

"You don't know how comical you looked," he said. "You were sitting beside the worst old morphine reprobate in New York. He had a sleepy stare in his eyes, and with yours you were trying to dig an idea out of a spot in the carpet. Why didn't you come right in? If you had only sent up your name, you need not have waited a minute."

"I didn't want to get in ahead of anybody," replied the detective, with a good-natured smile. "I thought I'd take my turn, and get you to focus some of your magic on me."

"What is your complaint?"

"Stupidity. I understand you can cure a great many mental troubles."

"How does the disease affect you?"

"Keeps me from attending to business. I am continually chasing fancies which lead nowhere. But, jokes aside, I want you for awhile this afternoon, if you can get off."

"I'm at your service."

"But the—these patients?"

"Oh, my assistant can dispose of them easily. Business is very light to-day. Besides I am dying to do something in the Strong case. The truth is, I want to help that young man out. I took a great liking to him the night I saw him lying there helpless, going through that bloody role. And his girl—Miss Delmar—did you ever see her?"

"You know I know her. What are you talking about?"

"That's a fact. I'd forgotten. She is simply lovely; and I admire her pluck. I'd like to thrash that father of hers. But what do you propose?"

"Have you found out anything about a hypnotist answering the description I have given you of our man?"

"Not a thing, so far, but I don't despair of doing so soon. But what are we going to do to-day?"

"I want you to go over to Brooklyn with me. I think the only thing now is to find out how the fellow used that address."

"Perhaps he lives there."

"Hardly likely; but we shall see."

In 15 minutes the two men were on the bridge cars, crossing the river to Brooklyn. Reaching the other side, they continued on the elevated road to Union street, where they alighted. Then they walked along the pavement, looking at the numbers on the plate glass over the doors.

"By Jove! there you are—directly opposite," exclaimed Dr. Lampkin. "That's 234, and no mistake about it. Now for an interesting climax or a downright failure." And he started to cross the street.

"Stop, d—n it!" cried Hendricks, looking straight ahead of him and walking on. "Come along."

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor, in a low tone, as he caught up with his companion.

"Nothing serious; no harm done; but we must approach the place more—more casually, so to speak, than that. Suppose we had crossed there, some one in the house might have seen us and been aware of our approach."

"You are right: I never thought of that. Henceforth I'm going to hold my tongue and act only as you direct," said Dr. Lampkin.

"We'll go to the end of the block, and cross over," Hendricks returned. His brow was wrinkled, and the doctor saw that he was inwardly disappointed about something. They had reached the end of the block and crossed over before Hendricks spoke again: "I may be sadly mistaken, but I am afraid we are on a wild-goose chase. The house looks like the respectable home of middle-class people. If it had been a lodging house, or a cheap boarding place, the outlook would have been more encouraging."

"How do you know it isn't one or the other?" asked the doctor.

"Door plate, for one thing; and then it is too clean," was the reply, just as they reached the steps. "Now we'll see what name is on the plate. By Jove! hang me if it isn't Champney! I don't like things that look so easy."

A servant girl answered the ring.

"Does Frederick Champney live here?" asked the detective.

The girl stared for an instant in surprise, then she recovered herself with a start, as if she had suddenly recollected something.

"Oh, I suppose you're the teacher," she said. "He is upstairs, a-studyin' his lessons. I'll call him."

Hendricks bowed.

"We'll wait for him in the parlor," he said, glancing into a room on the right of the hall.

"Very well, sir. He'll be right down."

The girl closed the outside door, and went up the stairs. Dr. Lampkin sat down, watching his companion's face curiously. Hendricks remained standing where he could observe the stairs through the half-open door. He bent towards the doctor.

"I'll do the talking. It is well that she takes us for some one he is waiting for. It may throw him off his guard, unless he suspects—Hang it! I feel as if I ought to have gone up to his room." He put his hand into his sack coat pocket, and, with a cautious look into the hall, drew out a revolver and handed it to Lampkin. "Hide it, but have it ready to draw. Remember, we don't know what sort of man we are going to meet, nor his humor. Let me manage him, but if he should happen to get the drop on me, come to my assistance."

"All right," replied the doctor. "You can depend on me."

Hendricks took another look into the hall.

"I hadn't the slightest idea we should run up on this," he said. "I told you I wanted treatment for stupidity. Something is radically wrong with me. Sh!"

There was a sound of footsteps on the floor overhead, a clatter on the stairs, and a boy 11 or 12 years of age, very neatly dressed, came into the room hurriedly. He stopped short, and his eyes widened in astonishment.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, flushing. "Sarah told me my teacher had come—and—and wanted to see me."

A look of perplexity darted across the face of the detective, and for a moment there was an awkward pause. Then Hendricks said:

"We wanted to see Frederick Champney on a matter of business. Does he live here?"

"That's my name, sir," said the boy, timidly.

"Perhaps it is your father's also," suggested Hendricks, in a reassuring tone.

"My father is dead," replied the boy. "His name was Stephen H. Champney."

"Then you are the only Frederick Champney in the family?"

"Y-e-s, sir." The boy spoke slowly, and then ended with a start. His glance wavered under the sharp gaze of the detective, whose face had undergone a remarkable change. When Hendricks spoke, his voice sounded to Dr. Lampkin strangely harsh and firm:

"I received a letter from this street and number. It was signed Frederick Champney. Did you write it?"

The boy suddenly fell to trembling, and his face worked in an effort to con-

"I thought he did it out of spite."

trol himself, but he hung his head in silence. Hendricks repeated his question, but still the boy would not reply. He looked towards the hall, as if he wished to escape.

Seeing this, Hendricks stepped between him and the door.

"I may as well be plain with you, my boy," he said. "I am a detective, legally authorized to arrest anyone suspected of law-breaking. A letter of very grave importance has been written over your name. If you know anything about it, and won't tell me, I shall be compelled to arrest you on suspicion."

The boy stared into Hendricks' face for an instant in abject terror; then he burst into tears. He darted towards the door, but the detective caught his arm, and drew him, struggling, back into the room.

"Mamma! mamma!" shrieked the boy with all his strength, and he rolled on the floor in Hendricks' clutch and beat the legs of his captor with his fists. Just then a white-faced, middle-aged woman ran into the room from the rear stairs, followed by the maid who had admitted them. On seeing her, and being released by the detective, the boy ceased his cries, ran to his mother and hid his face in her lap. She could only stare at the two visitors in speechless amazement.

Hendricks bowed very low and stammered out an explanation.

"I am a detective," he said. "A very important letter has been written under the address of this house and over the name of Frederick Champney. I can't think this little fellow could be guilty of any misdemeanor, you know, madam, but from his actions it is plain to me that he knows something about the matter. He started to run away, and I had to hold him."

"Fred!" The woman almost gasped as she forced the white face of the boy towards her own. "Fred, do you know anything of what this man is talking about?"

The boy darted towards her lap again, but she held him firmly in front of her and shook him fiercely.

"Speak, I say! What is the matter with you? If you have been up to any devilment—"

"I didn't write it, mamma," the boy whimpered.

"Well, who did? What do you know about it? Speak, I tell you, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life."

"Don't be hard on him," Hendricks interposed. "I think I understand. He will tell us all about it. That is the best way."

The boy dried his eyes, and took his head out of his mother's apron. For a moment there was a deep silence as he stood hesitatingly before her.

"Uncle Tom," faltered the boy. "He did it. I promised him not to tell a soul—not even you; and I wouldn't, but you made me."

"Ah, I see," said the woman, angrily, and her gray eyes flashed as she turned to Hendricks. "It is some of my brother's mischief; but I will not have him mixing my innocent children up in his miserable affairs. It is shameful, the way he has been acting!"

"He asked me to let him use my name," said the boy, who had grown calmer. "He told me it wasn't anything but a joke on a friend of his—a woman, who thought she was writing to a man she never saw. I took the answers to Uncle Tom."

"Outrageous!" cried the woman. "I am ashamed of my own name when one who bears it can do such things."

"Where is he?" asked Hendricks, with sudden craftiness of look and manner. "It is only a trifling matter, that can easily be settled, but I'd like to see him."

"He's upstairs, asleep, now," the woman replied, still angrily. "He's sleeping off one of his all-night prowls around town. I have been willing to give him a bed and board here when he is with us, in spite of his being a regular disgrace to us all with his queer notions. Sarah," she broke off suddenly, seeing that Hendricks had moved nearer the door and signaled to Dr. Lampkin, "run up and tell him to come down here, and to be quick about it. I want an explanation of his conduct, and I'll have it now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALL SORTS OF POCKETS.

Thirty of Them Made in a Pair of Breeches in 1611.

Perhaps the best proof of the advance of the Japanese in civilization is to be found in their use of pockets. The people of that country have usually six or eight pockets cunningly inserted in the cuffs of their wide sleeves. These pockets are always filled with a curious miscellany. As common as the twine in the pockets of young Americans is the prayer amulet written on sheets of rice paper and composed by the bonzes. In accordance with their faith, these amulets are swallowed like a pill in cases of mental or physical distress. Another essential seldom missing is a number of small squares of silky paper. These are put to unexpected uses, such as to hold the stem of a lily or lotus, to dry a teacup or to wipe away a tear. Among the Chinese and other nations a pouch is used instead of a pocket. This was also the case in western Europe in the middle ages and for some time afterward. The pouch was attached to the girdle along with a dagger and rosary. It was called an aulmoniere with curious patterns, gold and silk threads, coats of arms and religious sentences. A dramatist of the time of Henry VIII. wrote:

From my girdle he plucked my pouch;
By your leave he never left me a penny.

Breeches, however, had pockets at an early date. In an old play written about 1611 it is mentioned that a man had his breeches plaited as if they had 30 pockets. But pockets did not attain their proper position until the adoption of the modern style of men's garments. With waistcoats a great opportunity for pockets presented itself. Later they were made very broad and deep, and were covered with embroidery and buttons. In the reign of George III. waistcoat pockets reached such size in England that they became objects of ridicule, so that they soon began to resume more moderate proportions.

HE LISPED.

Which Made It Difficult to Understand Him.

A butcher residing in a country town was afflicted with a terrible lisp. One sale day, being suddenly seized with an inspiration to raise his own pork, he invested in a few pigs; but having no place ready for their immediate occupation, he called upon a neighbor whom he knew had an empty sty.

"I thay, old man," he began, "I have jutht bought a few pigth. Could you lend me your thty."

"Certainly, if it is of any use. But how many pigs have you? The sty is none too large."

"Oh, only two thowth and pigth."

"Two thousand pigs! Good gracious! It wouldn't hold 200!"

"I did not thay two thowthand pigth. I thed two thowth and pigth!"

"Yes, I hear; and it won't take a quarter of them. It's no use."

"You don't understand me," said the poor fellow. "I do not mean two thowthand pigth; I mean two thowth and pigth."

"Well, you couldn't get 20 in; so there!"

"I don't want to!" exclaimed the lisper, excitedly. "There are not two thowthand pigth, but two thowth and pigth" (gesticulating)—"two thowth and pigth, I tell you!" And so he kept on in vain; until at last a happy thought struck him. "I did not mean two thowthand pigth, but two thowth and two pigth!"

He got the sty.—Answers.

The Reason for Her Coldness.

"You are cold," he said, passionately.

She shivered.

"Tell me why?"

"I—I cannot."

"Then I leave you forever!"

"Stop!" she cried, "you shall not misjudge me!"

She led him down the cellar stairs and stopped him in front of the coal bin.

It was then he knew the reason of her coldness.

Clasping her in his arms, he cursed the empty coal bin.—N. Y. World.

Took It Back.

Tom Singleton—I hear you're engaged. Congratulate you, my boy.

Benny Dictus—You didn't hear it quite right. I'm married.

"O, excuse me, old man."—Pick-Me Up.

MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS.

Fame of Oregon's Gamest Bird Causes a Lively Demand from Other States.

A remarkable demand is being made for Mongolian pheasants. The fame of Oregon's gamest of birds has spread all over the United States, and, knowing a good thing when they see it, the eastern sportsmen are particularly anxious to secure a number of the choice birds for breeding. It is not likely that any great number of the Mongolian pheasants will be sent out of Oregon. The shipment of these birds beyond the boundaries of the state is prohibited by law, except under permit. There have been large numbers thus shipped, and there has also been a goodly number of the birds successfully smuggled out. The state of Ohio now maintains a pheasantry at Van Wert and is furnishing eggs and birds to private parties. The pheasants were introduced into Ohio from Oregon, but there is no record here of any permits being issued for the transportation of such birds to that state, and it is supposed the first lot was smuggled through. The fish commissioners of California are attempting to introduce the Mongolian pheasant into that state, and some weeks ago placed an order in the hands of a man living in Eugene for 400 pairs. Mr. McGuire will take good care that no such number of birds is sent to California or any other state, as it would be a clear violation of law to do so. In order to secure a permit for shipment of pheasants out of the state the person doing so must make an affidavit that he is the owner and in possession of the pheasants he wants to ship. He must also swear that the birds are fully domesticated and kept for propagation and exhibition purposes.

The persons who have gone into the business of shipping pheasants for the money there is in it have, in some instances, an easy conscience and have no qualms in making the affidavit after catching the birds and keeping them in confinement for two or three days. In order to circumvent this class of people Protector McGuire has revised the affidavit to be made so that it will read "that said Mongolian pheasants were bred and raised in confinement," and the name of the breeder will also have to be given. The introduction of the Mongolian pheasant in Virginia is being taken up with great enthusiasm by the sportsmen of that state, who hope for its success.—Portland Oregonian.

BROKEN UP BY A SPOOK.

Wraith Will Cause Abandonment of a Life-Saving Station.

One of the life saving stations on the beach 20 miles below San Lucia, Fla., is to be abandoned, and it is stated on account of a ghost that walks there, and is not to be laid by any means at the command of the men. The station is a state institution and has been maintained there mostly by the people to aid shipwrecked mariners, as it is on a very dangerous part of the coast. Two years ago a vessel was wrecked near there, and only one passenger escaped, that being a very handsome girl of about 18.

Will Smith and Henry Johnson, both at the station, aided in her rescue, and both promptly fell in love with her. Last year she married Smith, and in consequence Johnson grew to be surly and morose and seemed to think that he had been slighted. Not long after that the young wife was missing one day, and the week afterward her body was found in the sound back of the station, drowned.

Johnson after that became very taciturn and moody, and the men seemed to think that he was almost out of his mind, although no suspicion was attached to him. A month or so ago stories began to come up here of a ghost walking at the station, and shortly after that came the story of how Johnson had killed himself after confessing to the drowning of Mrs. Smith.

Capt. Dodd, who tells the story, says others had heard of this spirit wandering around, and he had seen what he thought was a ghost twice on the beach. It appeared to be the indistinct form of a woman floating through the air a few feet above the earth, clasping her hands and weeping. "I did not tell of it for several days, until I found out that others had seen it as well as myself. Sometimes it came up near the station, and twice I heard wild and unearthly screams at midnight." By a singular coincidence each time Johnson was outdoors. He came in then with blanched face and staring eyes, and, rushing to his bunk, plunged beneath the clothes and refused to speak to anyone.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Used to His Estate.

The best joke of the honeymoon season is told by a southern hotel keeper. The male half of the new partnership registered like this: "August Buerger and wife." He remained one day, and when he stepped up to ask the amount of his bill the clerk said it would be four dollars.

"Four dollars!" Mr. Buerger said. "Why, your rates are high, aren't they?"

"O, I guess not. That's only two dollars a day."

"But I have been here only one day."

"I know, but it's four dollars," the clerk replied.

"How do you figure that?" the newly wedded man asked, as he leaned over the counter with a frown of perplexity on his otherwise blissful features.

"Well, there's yourself, one day, two dollars, and there's your wife, one day, two dollars; two and two make four."

Then the fellow slammed his fist down on the register, while a crimson flush of blood suffused his cheeks. "Well, I'll swear," he cried, "if I didn't forget all about her. I'll eat my hat! Here, take this V, keep the change and say nothing about it, please."

But the clerk didn't keep the change, so he didn't think there was any reason why he shouldn't tell the story.—Houston Post.

—There is a man in Washington so busy looking after other people's business that his wife has to make the living for the family.—Washington Democrat.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Chauncey M. Depew never drinks anything at a banquet except the driest kind of champagne, and if he is to speak he drinks no wine at all until after he has finished his speech. Two glasses of brut champagne are usually his limit.

—It is said that the princess of Wales is becoming extremely sensitive to the effects of music and that there is one air from an oratorio to which she can never listen without shedding tears. As a young girl the princess used to practice the piano a great deal, and could spend many happy hours alone with the instrument.

—Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie have left Cluny castle, the seat of Cluny Macpherson in Inverness-shire, on their way to Cannes, where they intend to stay for several months. Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, who have been the tenants of Cluny for eight years, will next summer take up their residence at Skibo castle, Sutherlandshire.

—The German emperor and empress are to reside at the Neue Palais, Potsdam, during the next two months, after which they go to Berlin for their annual stay at the Schloss. The emperor killed 18 stags during his four days' chasse at Hubertstock, when he was out each day from seven in the morning until five in the afternoon. The imperial hunting lodge is surrounded by a forest of beech and oak.

—Queen Victoria's two fatherless grandsons, Prince Alexander of Battenberg and the young duke of Albany, are both at the same school at Park place, Lyndhurst, on the borders of the New Forest, Hampshire. These two cousins are nearly contemporaries. The duke of Albany was born in 1884 and Prince Alexander in 1886. Prince Arthur of Connaught is at school at Eton and is past 14 years of age, as he was born in January, 1883.

INSANE FROM A RESOLVE.

St. Louis Woman Who Has Only Spoken One Word in Twenty Years.

Though gifted with the command of speech, Miss Kate Schieber, an inmate of the observation ward of the city hospital, St. Louis, has only uttered one word in 20 years. When she was 27 years old, working as a seamstress, Kate made a vow to her mother that she would never speak again. With the exception of once saying "No" to a question, she has most religiously kept her word, and at 47 is incurably insane. At the city hospital she is regarded as a mystery and the queerest insane woman that ever entered the institution. She refuses to eat or drink and can be picked up and carried around without the slightest remonstration from her. If a nurse lays her on the bed she remains there motionless. If she is fixed in a corner of the ward she remains a motionless fixture. She acts like an automaton. She moves only when somebody moves her. She seems afraid of a man. She tries to hide from him and seeks the most secluded corner in trying to avoid him. One morning she placed her hand on a hot register. It must have hurt her, for there was a red mark on her hand. But she said not a word, made no sound, and any amount of begging could not induce her to utter a syllable. The other patients regard her with wonder, not unmixed with fear, and even the nurse is afraid that she will break into some violent act before long. She is becoming weak, however, because she will accept no nourishment.

In a neatly kept, but humble home at 811 South Third street lives the old, widowed mother of Kate Schieber. Her form is bent almost double, caused by hard work. She is 77 years old and too feeble to care for her unfortunate daughter. In broken English Mrs. Schieber told the story of Kate's life. She said that her daughter had to go out to work early because her father had died, leaving the family penniless. She was always a jolly, light-hearted girl and ambitious to get on. She grew up a handsome woman, and many eligible young men sought her acquaintance. When about 20 years old she fell in love with one of them. Her lover proved faithless, however, and on the day she learned the news her demeanor commenced to change. She lost all desire for company, amusement or recreation, and never went out of the room after her work was done. "She continued this way for six years," said Mrs. Schieber. "Remonstrance was of no avail, and, noticing that she was breaking down, I begged her to drive away her melancholia. Persistent in my entreaties, one day she turned round and said: 'There, I'll never speak to you nor anyone else again, if I live to be 50 years old.' Then followed symptoms of insanity. Then she became hopelessly ill. At times during all these 20 years she has regained strength sufficient to enable her to be about the house. During these intervals she would be violent. I feared bodily harm and sent her to the hospital. Aout six years ago Kate replied 'No' to a question asked her. That is the only word I heard her utter in 20 years. Sometimes she would laugh at a joke, but not if she knew she was observed."—Chicago Chronicle.

Cat Fur Shawl.

The duchess of Northumberland owns a shawl which formerly belonged to Charles X. of France, and was manufactured from the fur of Persian cats. Many thousands of cats' skins were utilized, and the weaving occupied some years. The shawl measures eight yards square, but is so fine that it can be compressed into the space of a large coffee cup.—Chicago Tribune.

Inevitable Reform.

"Yes; I know she married him to reform him, but how is she succeeding?"

"Perfectly. She spends all his income on her clothes. — Philadelphia Press.

Hiding Her Secret.

He—Why does Mamie insist upon riding behind when she's on a tandem?

She—Don't say a word, but her back hair is not original.—Detroit Free Press.